Miscellaneous.

From Life Illustrated.

A REJECTED NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

DEAR LIFE—Looking over an old journal—musty with the damp of twenty five years—I found a scrap that reminded me of the swift wing of progress. A little boy who had been the carrier of a country newspaper called upon me (so says the record) and asked me to write him a "carrier's address," to which I consented. But instead of taking a retrospective glance, as is the fashion, I took the liberty of peering a little into the prospective.

As a consequence, my rhymes were rejected, as unworthy of the—not *Bunker Flagstaff*. The editor thought them altogether to *extravagant* and wild. The people could not tolerate such a stretch of fancy, even in a juvenile of ten, so they were copied quietly into the old journal, where until now they have been awaiting the fulfilment of prophesy contained in their jingling.

I copy a few of the most extravagant of the predictions; and as those relating to our physical and material progress have become so *almost* verified, I hope we may reasonably hope for the fulfillment ere long of those relating to our moral and spiritual elevation.

Old Shakspeare asks, how wags the world?"
Our world is done with wagging,
And he who thinks to walk or wag,
Will find that he is lagging.
Could those who have a hundred
Beneath the dust been lying,
Now make a visit to our sphere,
They'd think our world was flying.

Could see the West, the grand young West,
Still onward, onward sweeping,
Beyond the Mississippi's shores
His giant march still keeping—
Building his cities and his towns
Beside the streams and fountains,
Till freedom's flag shall kiss the breeze
Upon the Rocky Mountains.

Here intervenes a little local matter, which I omit.

Could see our steamboats and our cars,
As up and down they thunder,
Newton and Franklin, I am sure,
Would ope their eyes with wonder.

* * * * * * *

And should we live but fifty years,
We'll see some strange commotion—
'Twill soon be but ferriage called
To cross the vast old ocean.
A man will at a moment's call,
For sport or speculation,
Put one clean collar in his hat,
And travel through the nation.

At dawn he'll start from Baltimore,
Breakfast at Marietta,
And while he reads the morning news,
Arrive at Cincinnati.
His course is onward, railroad speed,
Through constant varying scenes,
On the broad Mississippi dines,
And sleeps in New Orleans.

One mounts his traveling-machine
To read the last new novel,
And floats about where scenes are laid
In palace, bower, or hovel,
Or bids his wife his tea prepare.
Steps into his balloon,
And, for the sake of change of air,
Makes calls upon the moon,

* * * * * * *

Should even twenty summer suns
But cast their brilliance o'er us,
We shall see things perhaps as queer
Each day turn up before us.
Our bodies then will homespun wear
Rich silks of their own raising,
And sleeves that won't a bushel hold
Will not be thought disgracing.

Hoops may come back, and trails may float,
And girls may go to college,
And "school ma'ms" teach the *bigger* boys
The ways of life and knowledge,
And learn to know (the silly elves)
That 'tis the right of women
To do her thinking for herself,
Because to think is human.

Combe's "Constitution of Man" and Spurzheim's "Phrenology" had just found their way to our village and our minister had declared them "infidel" publications, and insisted that the doctrines of Combe were at variance with all orthodox ideas of total depravity, infant damnation, ect., which induces me to add the following. Phrenology now stands as a science—

We'll in their cradles have our boys
Examined by the teachers,
And if they have a song mans' bump,
We will not make them preachers;
Or if a man look roguishly,
And people chose to doubt him,
Phrenologists will feel his bumps
And tell us all about him.

* * * * * * *

Things stranger still will then be found
Among time's mighty trophies—
Our men of talent patronize,
Our men of wealth in office—
Virtue and truth be sought by all,
Instead of vice and folly—
For men will find they're not the kind
To bring on meloncholy.

A drunkard then will be a show,
Men won't get in a passion,
Good offices be all the go,
And falsehood out of fashion.
Then will be used the good old rule
Of doing unto others
As we would have them do by us—
And all live friends and brothers.

Alas, for the moral part of the prophecy! While the material world has outstript the wildest dream of the fancy of thirty years since—while sunbeams paint pictures and telegraphic wires tell the news from London to St. Louis in an hour or two less than no time—while the march of emigration has tracked a line beyond the Rocky Mountains away to the golden sands of the Pacific—while forty eight hours transports you bag and baggage, on crimson cushions, from New York to St. Louis—is it not well enough to ask why drunkards are still common—why fraud, falsehood, and wrong still riot through the land—why, with all our school houses, seminaries, colleges, and universities—why, with all our pulpits, presses, and lecture rooms, the Christian church starves its people, and war howls its dread note upon our border? The morals of the community seem to lag far behind. Why do grog-shops flourish, while temperance houses starve? Why are circuses thronged, while lecture rooms and meeting houses are deserted? Why do jails, prisons, penitentiaries, poor-houses, homes for the friendless, and houses of refuge swarm with miserable fractions of the image of God, while wealth, fashion, folly, extravagance, and pride flaunt in flimsy finery, and, butterfly-like, flutters its little day and is gone, leaving only a wreck behind? Have we not, as a nation, in striving to be great, forgotten to be good? In our earnest struggle to advance, have we not too often neglected the highest interests of life—our social virtues and our home affections? We have said to our loves and virtues, "Get thee behind me, till I get gold—till I invent—till I lay out cities—till I build my castle and write my name where all may read." Solomon says, "There is a time for all things," and God grant now may be the time to bring up our spiritual and moral interest, and place them as far in advance of our material welfare as the latter seems now ahead of the former—that our boast hereafter may be, "We are good as well as progressive." F. D. G.

St. Louis Aug. 12.

THE ECONOMY OF NATURE.

In the great universe, to whatever part of it we turn, one controlling principle is ever apparent, one sentiment seems to pervade the whole—economy; and so forcibly does this strike the attention of every one of us, that we have expressed it in a proverb and use it in a motto, "Waste not, want not." The flowers are ever ready to receive the dew-drops, and when they have done with them, the morning sun evaporates and keeps them in the clouds ready for use again. Matter is indestructible, and although we can by fire and other means render it invisible, what is our surprise to find that it has resumed a gaseous form, and the piece of charcoal that we burned is now floating in the room, mixed with the atmosphere we are breathing. Matter is ever changing. The forces of nature which we call chemical, gravity, electricity, light, heat, and life are unceasingly effecting the transmutation of substances; thus, for example, ages long since rolled away, myriads of little creatures with shells not larger than a pin's head, noted as the scavengers of the ocean, they died and sank to the bottom of the deep, and today we find their shells as chalk and limestone all over the world. Naturalists tell us that on the sea-bottom of the Gulf of Mexico, and in various parts of the Gulf Stream, there are limestone beds being formed by the modern representatives of ancient *Foraminifera*.

The lovely tints that deck the leaves in the fall, and give to our autumnal scenery such a distinctive beauty, is due to some bed of iron ore, which has lain hidden beneath the rocks for centuries. Some little brook first found it out, and carrying it away bit by bit, has spread it over the soil, gradually the iron crumbles, and the winds disperse it, the trees feed upon it, and in the autumn it shows that it is there, by the color of the leaves. When trees shall have decayed, and what is now dry land shall have been depressed and upheaved, covered by the sea and scorched by the sun, who knows but what that same iron may form a nodule or ball in a bed of coal, and be worked and smelted for the use of man. All these changes work together harmoniously. All goes on in exact proportions. No waste, no want!

"What is one's meat is another's poison," is another maxim which the economy of nature teaches, and one simple illustration will quickly make it plain. The solid portion of living things, if we except the skeleton, is carbon—charcoal. This all animals must have in their food, and from the food the digestive organs take as much as is necessary to make muscles, flesh and tissue, throwing the rest away from the lungs as an invisible gas, poisonous and deadly. When we for a moment think of the number of beings who are every moment breathing into the common atmosphere such vast quantities of this gas, and have been doing it for centuries, we ask, "How is it then we can live?" In the quiet, still night when men and animals sleep, the plants are greedily and eagerly absorbing all this carbonic acid, and with care taking every particle of carbon for their own nourishment, they throw off as useless that which is most necesary to the support of animal life—oxygen. So the proverb is illustrated, for what is the poison of the animal is the food of the plant.

In this way, lessons may be learned by studying the workings of the natural forces, and by imitating the economy of nature, we shall ever be healthy, happy and content.—*Scientific American.*

From Hugh Miller's "Cruise of the Betsey."

HOFFMANN'S FOSSIL.

Thomas Campbell, when asked for a toast in a society of authors, gave the memory of Napoleon Bonaparte; significantly adding, "he once hung a bookseller." On a nearly similar principle I would be disposed to propose among geologists a grateful bumper in honor of the revolutionary army that besieged Maestricht. That city, some seventy-five or eighty years ago, had its zealous naturalist in the person of M. Hoffmann, a diligent excavator in the quarries of St. Peter's mountain, long celebrated for its extraordinary fossils. Geology, as a science, had no existence at the time; but Hoffmann was doing, in a quiet way, all he could to give it a beginning;—he was transferring from the rock to his cabinet, shells, and corals, and crustacea, and the teeth and scales of fishes, with now and then the vertebræ, and now and then the limb-bone, of a reptile. And as he honestly remunerated all the workmen he employed, and did no harm to any one, no one heeded him.

On one eventful morning, however, his friends the quarriers laid bare a most extraordinary fossil,—the occipital plates of an enormous saurian, with jaws four and a half feet long, bristling over with teeth, like *chevaux de frise;* and after Hoffmann, who got the block in which it lay embedded, cut out entire, and transferred to his house, had spent week after week in painfully relieving it from the mass, all Maestricht began to speak of it as something really wonderful. There is a cathedral on St. Peter's mountain, which is church land; and the lazy canon, awakened by the general talk, laid claim to poor Hoffmann's wonderful fossil as *his* property. He was lord of the manor, he said, and the mountain and all that it contained belonged to him. Hoffmann defended his fossil as he best could in an expensive lawsuit; but the judges found the law clean against him: the huge reptile head was declared to be "treasure trove" escheat to the lord of the manor; and Hoffmann, half broken-hearted, with but his labor and the lawyer's bills for his pains, saw it transferred by rude hands from its place in his museum, to the residence of the grasping churchman.

The huge fossil head experienced the fate of Dr. Chalmers' two hundred churches. Hoffmann was a philosopher, however, and he continued to observe and collect as before; but he never found such another fossil; and at length, in the midst of his ingenious labors, the vital energies failed within him, and he broke down and died. The useless canon lived on. The French Revolution broke out; the republican army invested Maestricht; the batteries were opened; and shot fell thick on the devoted city. But in one especial quarter there alighted neither shot nor shell. All was safe around the canon's house. Ordinary relics would have availed him nothing in the circumstances,—no, not "the three kings of Cologne," had he possessed the three kings entire, or the jaw-bones of the "eleven thousand virgins;" but there was virtue in the jaw-bones of the Mosasaurus, and safety in their neighborhood. The French *savans*, like all the other *savans* of Europe, had heard of Hoffmann's fossil: and the French artillery had been directed to play wide of the place where it lay.

Maestricht surrendered; the fossil was found secreted in a vault, and sent away to the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, maugre the canon, to delight there the heart of Cuvier: and the French, generously addressing themselves to the heirs of Hoffmann as its legitimate owners, made over to them a considerable sum of money as its price. They reversed the finding of the Maestricht judges; and all save the monks of Saint Peter's have acquiesced in the justice of the decision.

A good regulation is that of the British Post Office, to wit;—"Letters badly addressed; the owners of which cannot be found, are taken back to the office, (whence they were sent) where a list of them are hung up * * * daily: parties writing their address opposite to their names, will receive the letter the following morning. This it must be self evident, is a far better mode of treating letters unintelligibly or erroneously directed, or failing their destination, than the practice hitherto, and perhaps still pursued, in this country,—namely, keeping the letters on hand for the space of one or perhaps three months, and then bundling them off to the general post office as being "down among the dead ones. Another safeguard might be provided, by the employment of a clerk sufficiently expert to decypher the crooked hieroglyphice of a doubtful superscription; or, by the aid of the writer, if attainable, to translate the same into plain English.—*New London Star.*

THE CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Beautiful the children's faces!
Spite of all that mars and scars;
To my inmost heart appealing;
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling;
Steeping all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces—
Poverty's lean look, which saith,
Save us! save us! woe surrounds us:
Little knowledge sore confounds us,
Life is but a lingering death.

Give us light amid our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill;
Hate us not for all our blindness;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
You can make us what you will.

We are willing, we are ready;
We would learn if you would teach;
We have hearts that yearn to duty;
We have minds alive to beauty;
Souls that any heighth can reach!

Raise us by your Christian knowledge;
Consecrate to man our powers;
Let us take our proper station;
We, the rising generation,
Let us stamp the age as ours!

We shall be what you will make us—
Make us wise and make us good!
Make us strong in time of trial;
Teach us temperace, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude.

Look into our childish faces:
See ye not our willing hearts?
Only love us—only lead us;
Only let us know you need us;
And we all will do our parts.

We are thousands—many thousands!
Every day our ranks increase;
Let us march beneath our banner,
We, the legion of true honor,
Combating for love and peace!

Train us! try us! days slide onward,
They can ne'er be ours again,
Save us! save, from our undoing!
Save from ignorance and ruin;
Make us worthy to be men!

Send us to our weeping mothers,
Angel-stamped in heart and brow!
We may be our father's teachers;
We may be the mightiest preachers,
In the day that dawneth now!

Such the children's mute appealing,
All my inmost soul was stirred;
And my heart was bowed with sadness,
When a cry, like summer's gladness,
Said "The children's prayer is heard."

PEKIN AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer was at Pekin, the Capital of China, a short time ago, and what he saw of it, how it impressed him he thus describes:

"On arriving at the capital of the Chinese empire we find a city containing about two millions of inhabitants. Such is the estimate, but doubtless the calculation is made in the usual spirit of Eastern exaggeration. Be that as it may, the walls are fourteen miles in Circumference, twenty-eight feet high, twenty-four feet thick at the base, and twelve at the top. There are spacious towers all around, at seventy feet distant from each other, and at the gates are lookout barracks for soldiers nine stories in height. The metropolis is divided into two parts, one inhabited by Tartars and the other by the Chinese. In each there is a street four miles long and one hundred and twenty feet wide, and the Emperor's palaces and gardens occupy two-thirds of the Tartar city; and all this besides the suburbs, which are nearly as populous as the city proper.

Pekin is located sixty miles south of the famous Chinese wall, and therefore much exposed to northern and hostile neighbors; yet its fortifications are strong, and until the vast machinery of modern artillery was invented, the brother of the sun and the moon was perfectly secure in his palatial halls, the walls, bastions, and towers being impregnable in ancient times. Although the country about Pekin is sandy and unfertile, yet provisions abound, being brought by canals from all the great rivers, and also with its commerce, the merchants being paid in money, as the capital is the chief recipient of the revenues of all China. It has ever been regarded as a very exclusive place, the presence of no foreigner being permitted within its walls; but now the 'outside barbarians' are in a fair way of overleaping the sacred boundaries; and it is probable that this act, together with the opening of Japan, may prove an important step towards the inauguration of Christianity among the millions who are now benighted in Pagan idolatry and superstition."

THE FIRESIDES OF THE MERCHANTS.

It has become a matter of controversy in England whether the domestic influence exerted upon the young in the family circle of the trading classes is unfavorable to the development of the superior traits of character. The question arose in the course of the deliberations in Parliament on the new India bill, at the stage when it becomes necessary to fix the terms of admission to cadetships in the Indian army. Lord Ellenborough took the position that the sons of traders ought not to be admitted to competition for these posts with the sons of those professional classes from which the Indian army has hitherto been supplied.

"I desire, my Lords," said Lord Ellenborough, "to retain those appointments in the class which has hitherto held them. That class is the class of educated gentlemen which occupies the centre of society, which extends on the one side to the confines of the class which lives by buying and selling, and on the other to the class of which your lordships are members—persons who have the means of providing for their sons otherwise than by professions of a lucrative position. This class embraces clergymen, country gentlemen of small income, lawyers and all learned professions, and all that class of persons having a mediocrity of fortune, but of the highest and most cultivated intellect. It is from this class that it is intended by this clause to take away these appointments. In sanctioning this [the competitive] principle, Parliament has introduced a property qualification for appointments in the public service, because there is no doubt that by paying highly those who cram candidates for these appointments, they will be attained. It is only by the expenditure of large sums in this way that it will be possible for the future to enter the service, and the gentlemen who have hitherto obtained appointments have not the means of incurring this expenditure. But the education obtained in these cramming colleges is not the highest species of education:—that which is attained at home by the example and conversation of good parents is by far the highest. You cannot compare for a moment the education which the sons of clergymen and officers get with the education obtained by the sons of rich grocers and linendrapers, who will be successful in these competitive examinations. Depend upon it, this is a great and most injurious social revolution."

The Vicksburg True Southern says the river counties of Mississippi—Bolivar, Coahoma, Issaquena, Tunica and Washington, containing taxable property to the value of over forty millions of dollars—contain less than fifteen hundred voters. In 1857, they polled less than 1,200 votes.

DEATH OF GEORGE COMBE.

George Combe, the celebrated Phrenologist, died suddenly, of pulmonary disease, at the Hydropathic establishment in Surrey, whither he had gone to visit some friends. He was 70 years of age. The New York Times contains a sketch of his life, from which we copy as follows:

'In the year 1815, the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim were brought under discussion in Edinburgh, and the attention of Mr. Combe was directed to the science of Phrenology. An interview with Spurzheim, who visited Edinburgh about the same time, led Mr. Combe to a careful examination of the new theory, and from an investigation he became a believer and an earnest champion.—With his brother Andrew, he became phrenologically controversial. Letters were published, in which the brothers described each other's characteristics as defined by the organs developed on their skulls, and in spite of the sneers of the reviews and the refusal of the encyclopedists to commit the handling of the subject of phrenology to the believers in the new science, the public faith grew, mainly through the efforts of George Combe, who saw in it a new solution of the problem of the structure and functions of the brain. In 1826, the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" was instituted, for the purpose of supplying good and cheap books to the working classes; but unfortunate circumstances caused a delay in the issue of its publications, and it was only in 1827 that its first tract was printed. Six weeks before its appearance, George Combe read before the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh the first part of a work, to which he gave the title of *The Harmony between the Mental and Moral Constitution of Man and the Laws of Physicial Nature.* This was the germ of his celebrated work, entitled *The Constitution of Man in Relation to External Objects.* The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge having refused to publish among their cheap series any work on Phrenology, Mr. Combe set himself in earnest to follow up the undertaking he had already begun. Among the works on that subject, which followed each other rapidly from his pen, were the *Elements, Outlines and System of Phrenology* and *Lectures on Popular Education.*—In 1833, he married Miss Cecilia Siddons, and four or five years later gave up the practice of his profession. In 1838, he visited the United States, and remained here for two years, lecturing on Phrenology, and preparing a journal of his tour, which was afterwards published under the title of *Notes.* His reception in this country was cordial in the extreme. Spurzheim had died here a few years before Mr. Combe's arrival, and the believers in Phrenology looked to the latter gentleman as the legitimate successor to the honors paid to the lamented leader. The *Constitution of Man,* first published in 1828, was reprinted here, and reached an enormous sale. It is by this work that Mr. Combe is chiefly known. Its circulation in great Britain soon ran upon to 100,000 copies, and it has been translated into several languages. After his visit to the United States, Mr. Combe passed some years in travel on the continent. The later years of his life were a period of infirm health, incapacitating him for active efforts."

From the Spectator.

REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

One of the most beautiful works which have lately been published is a series of photographs from objects magnified in the microscope. The last number is devoted to the bee; whose sting excels the lancet in the elaboration, care and finish of its manufacture; whose hairy tongue is like a living hair glove, most elaborately designed to collect the materials for honey; and whose powerful wing is aided by a mechanical contrivance of the most beautiful ingenuity. Every one knows or may know, that the bee has two wings on each side. At the edge of one wing runs a stiff nerve which, in the microscope is a bar, at frequent intervals are ranged semicircular barbed hooks, like the half of a ring so placed that the edge of the other wing lies within the semicircles which clasp it and at the same time permit it to play freely, as the rings of a window curtain move along the brass bar. By this contrivance the two wings become united as one, yet freely play from different hinge. "Design" is a human word implying in its very nature imperfection, yet it is the only term which we can apply to the purpose which runs through formations like that of the bee's wing. It is the microscope, with its minute search, that enables us to discover this design in everything that we can dissect—in all living creatures, and the parts thereof, to millions upon millions, always tending to life and happiness. Who can examine these illustrations of the power of the Creator and of the law which rules over His work, and not feel an impulse to sing in his soul, "*Gloria in excelsis Deo!*"

Story of a Working Poet.—Mr. J. G. Watts, an English writer, who has just published a volume of poems, marked by refinement and feeling, gives the following account of himself:—

Ten years ago I could scarcely write a half dozen lines correctly, and six years since I wore a canvass smock, and worked hard, physically hard, as a porter in Billingsgate market. True, I have not made a fortune, nor have I a tithe of the knowledge which many a man has, without one-fourth the aids possessed by the present generation; nevertheless, I have succeded in shaking the porter's knot from my shoulders (not necessarily a badge of degradation, but terribly irksome when surmounted by a couple of hundred weights), and I hope that I have learned to pen my native tongue, if not elegantly, with something like respectability. Instead of toiling from four o'clock in the morning till as late as four or five in the afternoon, I commence my fish-selling—for I have now a standing in the market of my own—about five o'clock, A. M; and finish business by ten. Thus I am in the possession of a comfortable living, with an amount of time at my disposal, which, at one period of my life, I little dreamed of. Need I say that I am more contented? My leisure moments are employed alternately in reading, stringing verses, writing stories, cultivating my garden. Occasionally—twice a week, perhaps—I have a gathering of two or three literary working men, as well as others of a higher social position, at my house, when we talk of poetry, politics, and sometimes theology, the night often waxing late ere we adjourn.

No Flattering Unction to his Soul.—A classical architect, in imitation of his Pompeiian predecessors, lately inscribed the word "'*Salve,*" welcome, upon a tile in the hall of a patent medicine millionaire. The house was finished, and the dabbler in ointment visited his new domicile. He caught sight of the new inscription, and as he looked at it exclaimed, "confound his impudence! because my house was built out of the profits of the *salve* business, that's no reason I should have it cast up to me in that style. The souvenier was removed as a matter of course.

How to tell Bad Eggs.—Of the many ways to tell bad eggs, I know of only one that I can put entire confidence in.

"If an egg will float it is bad," says one. "If it is warm at both ends, look out for it," says another. "If it has not a clear look when you hold it against a strong light, have a care," says a third, and so on half a dozen ways besides. Now any one that has tried the first way, knows that a bad egg will sometimes sink; and as to the second plan, it is often difficult to tell in a fresh egg which is the warm end; and as to the plan of looking through an egg, I would really like to know what can be seen in the operation. But—

The true way to tell good eggs is to put them in a pail of water, and if they are good they will *lie on their sides,* always; if bad they will stand on their small ends, the large ends always uppermost, unless they have been shaken considerably, when they will stand either end up. Therefore a bad egg can be told by the way it rests in water—always end up, never on its side. Any egg that lies flat, is good to eat *and can be depended upon.*—T. C., in the Homestead.

Levity in manner, leads to laxity in principle.

Be above the world, and act from your own sense of right and wrong.